Santuario
by Catalina Rios

No knife in my back
No sting on my skin
Only love, only love, only love
I don’t need a guard in this room
Sister welcome, here we grow poems together
I trail, I dip and dive
I claim my name and in naming am set free.
Solo amor, solo amor, solo amor.

I walk through girlhood, womanhood, ghosthood
In the scent of mangoes
Fruit pleasure and salty air
Hidden between layers of loss
I dig, I scratch the earth fiercely, I filter
Through bone fragments, stardust, suitcases
Solo amor, solo amor, solo amor.

I take note and note and note
I flip the switch, turn on the light
I am seen, known, beloved
My voice is my voice is my voice
Home nests, heart doors
Walls made of fresh open air
I breathe in the ease of earned deliverance.
Solo amor, solo amor, solo amor
And gratitude.

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